

When Summer's sun blazed in the blue
And changed it to a brazen arch,
And dried the streams, they struggled on
The hot and dusty march.

When Winter's blasts pierced through their frames,
Untented in the fields they lay,
And braved the bitter frosts of night,
The sleets and snows of day.

When battle called them forth to bleed,
Proudly they marched, though clad in rags:
And as they died, like soldiers true,
They fell around their flags.

O, glorious Flag! O, righteous Cause!
O, glorious struggle to be free!
O, glorious sleepers! Ye, indeed,
Were fit to follow Lee!